

TO OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

WE BEG to ANNOUNCE THAT we have sold our Grocery, Hardware, Fertilizer, Buggy and Wagon business to The L. D. Cullum Co.- With this sale also goes our good will and we ask that our old customers call on The L. D. Cullum Co, before they make arrangement for their business. We are sure they can do as well or better for you than any-one.

WE ARE CONTEMPLATING GOING INTO ANOTHER LINE OF BUSINESS, announcement of which we will make in the near future

With best wishes for YOUR SUCCESS, and thanking YOU for YOUR favors in the part, we are,

YOURS VERY TRULY,

E. JONES COMPANY.

Batesburg, S. C.

Just Received

Another Shipment of Good Mules and Horses

Our fast selling plan and no food bills added is drawing the business. We must be giving more mule for the money than the people can get elsewhere or they would not trade with us so freely.

We also have a large stock of Buggies - Wagons and Automobiles.

Gregory-Conder Mule Co.
Columbai, S. C.

Our Guarantee Means Something.

Saved From Awful Peril
"I never felt so near my grave," writes Lewis Chamblin, of Manchester, Ohio, R. R. No. 3, "as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 115 pounds in spite of many remedies and the best doctors. And that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 160 pounds and can work hard. It also cured my four children of croup." Infalible for Coughs and Colds, it's the most certain remedy for LaCrippe, Asthma, desperate lung trouble and all bronchial affections, 50c and \$1.00. A trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All druggists.

President Helps Orphans.
Hundreds of orphans have been helped by the President of the Industrial and Orphan's Home at Macon, Ga., who writes: "We have used Electric Bitters in this Institution for nine years. It has proved a most excellent medicine for Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. We regard it as one of the best family medicines on earth." It invigorates all vital organs, purifies the blood, aids digestion, creates appetite, to strengthen and build up pale, thin, weak children or rundown people it has no equal. Best for female complaints. Only 50c at all druggists.

LESSON IN DETECTIVE WORK

How did I happen to go into the detective line? I was put in it by a singular coincidence. I had no more idea of being a detective than being president of the United States. I never developed any fancy for such work, never read detective stories or took any interest in the methods of how real cases were managed. What I did hear of such matters they filled me with a belief that this business of noticing how far a match was burned or which end of a cigarette was light first to gain a clue had nothing to do with tracing criminals.

One day I was in a street car going home from a bank where I was employed on a fairly good salary when I saw a man fumble in his pocket for change to pay his fare. A few minutes later a woman picked up a folded bill off the floor and handed it to him, asking him if he hadn't dropped it. He unfolded it, cast a glance at it, paled slightly and handed it back to her in a hurry, denying the ownership. The woman asked one or two people sitting near if they had dropped it, but they all said they thought they had not. I asked the woman to let me see it. It didn't take me long, backed by my banking experience, to decide that it was counterfeit.

This was the first time I ever showed a faculty for detective work. I noticed that no one showed any unusual emotion in looking at the bill except the man who was supposed to have dropped it; therefore there was a probability that he was a counterfeiter. But I said nothing, simply handing it back to the woman.

But my curiosity had been aroused. Curious to follow up the matter, when the man who had paled got out I got out, too, and followed him at a distance. He entered a hardware store, where he purchased several articles. I didn't know what they were, but one of them was a hammer with a big end suitable for beating anything flat. Another was a crucible for melting metals. When he went out I snatched the bill he had paid the salesman, expecting to see a counterfeiter, but in this I was disappointed. It was good money.

Well, I tracked the fellow to a room at the top of a business building, where he had a shop. I knocked at the door. He opened it, but did not bid me enter. I told him I had something to say to him and wished to go inside. He said he was making a certain contrivance that was not yet patented and no one was allowed to enter the premises where the work was done.

Mind you, I was no detective. I was merely indulging my curiosity. A detective would have seen a

and come again prepared to act as an officer of the law. I simply accused the man of counterfeiting, stating what I had seen on the car.

He stood looking at me a few moments appalled, then said, "What's Moll Brown going to give you for helping her?"

"I don't know Moll Brown," I replied, "and I'm in no one's employ in this matter. I'm only doing it for fun."

"Come in here and satisfy yourself," he said.

I went in and found an article for sweeping floors manufactured and in process of making. Then he explained:

"Moll Brown was the woman who tried to fix the counterfeit bill on me. Resolved to follow the matter up, I took Moll Brown's address. I felt sure she had got the counterfeit bill from some one interested in making or passing it, or both, and couldn't refrain from getting at the bottom of the matter. I cooked up a reason for making her acquaintance and went to see her. At this point I began her confidence and told her that I was looking for some easy way of making money. After a good deal of beating about the bush she agreed to tell me where I could get some 'queer' to put out and gave me the address of the man I had shadowed. I didn't want any better proof of his story. She was bent on his ruin and would have included me if it suited her convenience. I delayed about going to the man she named and continued to watch her.

Accident helped me. One evening when I visited her a man called on her whom I spotted at once. I went away, leaving him with her, and when he came out shadowed him. He went to a place that I fancied, putting this and that together, might be a den of counterfeiters. I put the police on to the matter. They surrounded the building where the supposed den was, then closed in and sure enough, trapped a party at work making spurious bills.

If the woman in their secret had not been bent on getting revenge, they might all have been making false money to this day. The woman was convicted with the rest, and the man she tried to injure was the most grateful fellow to me you ever saw.

The case has influenced all my subsequent work. I never consider a plain, of much value until I have proved it to be such. What I rely on most is the want of stamina among those who are guilty of crime in standing by each other. Another valuable lesson I learned from the case is that revenge often plays and important part in fixing crime both where it is and where it is not—Merick August.

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.

"Shut the door, father, and go to bed; you know we must get up early in the morning, and why are you lingering out there in the moonshine?"

The shrill-voiced woman who gave the command, gave the straight-backed chair an ugly shake as she passed into the house, and glanced angrily at the silvered head leaning wearily in the chair.

"All right, Jane, in a minute," he answered in shaking tones, as he started from his reverie.

Jane was his eldest daughter, tall and angular and used to ruling her father's house without resistance. She was nearing her forty-eighth birthday, and the burden of the family had long hung heavily on her drooping shoulders.

Love had passed her by, not to return, when she was acting as mother as well as elder sister to those whom a dying mother left in her care. "Father gets more childish every day, and he is dreaming again over that old violin," she said to herself as she went upstairs to her own room and, weary from her day of toil, she soon fell asleep.

Out in the golden glory of the harvest moon, the old man lay idly with the violin which had been his comfort in darker days.

"Fifty years ago tonight she was here, and she liked this old place," he said to himself.

"It was new then, and the paint was white and the steps were even, and she was my bride."

"Why, I can see her yet, as she came down the hall, clad in that lacy, shiny thing she wore when the preacher said those solemn words; let me see, he said, 'Until death do us part'—that is what he said, but death didn't part us, did it, Mary?"

Of late he had grown in the habit of talking to himself (talking to Mary, he called it).

"Father is getting queer," said Jane to the postman that evening. "He sits out on the porch and talks and talks."

But to the aged one, sitting there in the moonlight the presence was very real.

"Mary, your dress is just as white as it was 50 years ago tonight, and your cheek is just as smooth, while your eyes sparkle just the same as they did that night when you first saw your new home." Then the Presence, in the white gown, seemed to draw nearer, and the old man continued: "Stroke my hair, Mary, just as you did that first night, and I will tell you all about the beautiful future we will have together."

"How cool your hand, little one, and those tiny fingers—so small and white. I am afraid you made a mis-

take when you chose me from among all your admirers—those who could have given you a mansion instead of a cottage, rich jewels and fine clothes instead of the love I lay so gladly at your little feet."

He was living over again those first hours when he brought his city bride to his humble home; the hours when he realized that to him had come the greatest prize of earth, the love of a beautiful woman, possessing all the accomplishments of training and the inheritance of old family traditions.

"Fifty years ago, Mary dear, yet we are no older than we were that night. I cannot understand it all, for Jane is a woman now, much older than you were when you closed your bright, blue eyes for the last time and crossed your little, white hands on your tired breast, clasping in the hollow of your arm the golden-haired little daughter who was to be your exact image."

"Yes, Jane is a woman, and the others are married and gone, and you left me for awhile—you and the pretty babe I love best of all, but it was so like you to come back here every night and talk to me when Jane was sleeping—yes, sometimes Jane is cross, but she does not mean to be—Jane is like my sister—not like you, dear. Jane is cross because she does not believe you come back here every night when the moonlight is beautiful and when the shadows fall black and heavy from the vines."

His face was turned toward the Presence, now, and he smiled.

"Jane does not believe you come— isn't that a joke?" Then he stretched out his withered hands and laughed like a boy.

"Let us elope again, tonight, Mary; let's run away again, and be alone, just as we ran away from those who sought to part us 50 years ago tonight. That dress is so pretty and your eyes are so bright. Come, dear, let us go at once, while the moon is behind that cloud."

Long after midnight Jane went with heavy tread down the hall and to her father's room. The moonlight shone across the bed, showing it was unoccupied. Down stairs she went with sullen face, grumbling as she went, at the carelessness of the old man who would leave the door open. The chair was vacant in which so recently her father sat, and Jane's heart-beats quickened a trifle as she saw her father's form across the path quite near the gate.

As she bent above him, remonstrating with him for his careless habits, he turned to her with a boyish laugh, exclaiming: "You are too late, the lady is now my wife, and I will defend her against all comers—please step aside and let the bride pass."—Millicent Easter.

Beggar's View on Economy.
Charles M. Schwab, at a dinner in Pittsburg, discussed his New Year economics. He said:

"It is necessary to economize it shut up some of one's houses and so on, because of the innumerable claims on one. And all these claims are always just, you know. Why, I never saw a claimant yet who wasn't quite as sure of his rights as the Altoona beggar woman."

"A beggar woman, with three tiny children shivering beside her, stood on a windy corner in Altoona on a bitter winter day. A charity officer paused beside her with a sneer."

"You," he said, "are begging. And those children aren't yours, at all."

"Well, sir," the beggar woman indignantly retorted, "I'd have less need to beg if they were mine, for then I wouldn't have to pay 10 cents a day to hire them."

Tact.
There is nothing like tact and sometimes it is exhibited by those from whom it might be least expected.

"Talking about tact," said a woman who is just verging on middle age, "I never saw one get out of a difficult situation more deftly than did a man I met at a blacksmith's shop in a New England village I was driving through last summer. I was alone in the lanes with my friend, the horse when I noticed that he limped a bit so when we reached the next village I stopped at the door of the blacksmith's shop. A man was holding up the doorknob, and to him I said: 'Will you please tell the blacksmith to come out? I want to see him.' After the manner of the village loafer, he did not stir, but smiled sweetly at me and, lifting up his voice, cried: 'Bill, come out! There's a lady wants to see you.' From the depths of the blacksmith's shop a voice roared: 'Is she young, John, or old?' In the words of an old poem I looked at John and John looked at me. Then, still without moving, he called: 'You'll be satisfied, Bill, when you get out.'"

Retaining the Evidence.
An Irish soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat boldly challenged him and ordered him to put it out at once. The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw away his cigar, but no sooner was his back turned than Pat poked it up and quietly retired to the sentry box. The officer, happening to look around, observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box. He at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty. "Smoking, is it, sorr? Bedad, and I'm only keeping it lit to show to the corporal when he comes, an evidence agin you?"